

*John P. Smith*  
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The Royal Tiger.

**T**HE royal tiger has attracted the attention of mankind from the earliest ages. Its extraordinary beauty, its great power, its fearful ferocity, are characteristics which give it a prominence among the whole animal creation.

VOL. XIII.

I

It is a native of India, and may be found there, and occasionally, though rarely, in the contiguous countries. It occupies the jungles, which are lands covered with masses of shrubs, briers, and coarse herbage, so compact as to be impassable to

man. In the devious avenues and pathways found beneath this bulwark, the tiger dwells in security, until he is forced to seek food in the open country. Belonging to the cat family, he has the sly habits of his race, and always prefers to get his dinner by a stealthy attack, rather than by a bold and open assault. The pouncing of puss upon a rat, or a mouse, is an illustration, on a small scale, of the manner in which a tiger rushes upon a bullock or a deer.

The ferocity of the tiger has been the theme of remark in all ages; and the creature has also been called cruel, remorseless, and bloodthirsty, as if these terms implied some moral depravity. But we might use the same terms of reproach, and with equal justice, in regard to the soft, purring old cat, whom we cherish at our fireside. She is just as cruel, remorseless, and bloodthirsty, in respect to the objects of her prey, as is the tiger in regard to his. The only difference is, that the larger operations of the tiger strike our senses more forcibly. The simple truth is this — that neither animal is *cruel*; for cruelty implies a conscious infliction of pain and misery. But neither the cat nor tiger knows any thing of the pain it inflicts. They kill to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and sometimes, perhaps, they go a little further, and kill for sport — a thing which human beings sometimes do, also. But these animals know not good and evil; they act by instinct, and not from reflection. The gulf between their nature and that of man is impassable. Man is under law suited to an intelligent and rational being, and, as such, is accountable. If he inflicts pain and misery by design, he

is cruel, and must pay the penalty of violating a fundamental law. The tiger knows no such law, and can neither commit the sin, nor suffer the penalty, of cruelty.

## The Ant and the Caterpillar.

As an Ant, of his talents superiorly vain,  
Was trotting with consequence over the plain,

A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,  
Cried, "Bless your good worship, wherever you go;

I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,  
I pay my respects with a hearty good-will."  
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,

"Begone, you vile reptile," his antship replied;

"Go — go, and lament your contemptible state;

But first — look at me — see my limbs, how complete;

I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,  
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please;

Of nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!  
I spurn you thus from me — crawl out of my way."

The reptile insulted, and vexed to the soul,  
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;

But Nature, determined to end his distress,  
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

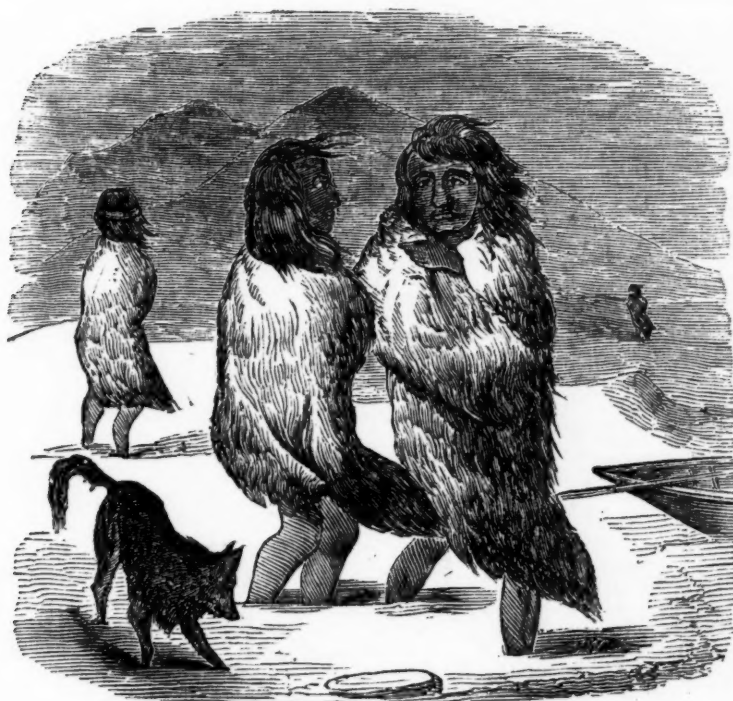
Ere long, the proud Ant, as repassing the road,  
(Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load,)

The beau on a violet-bank he beheld,  
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excelled;  
His plumage expanded — 'twas rare to behold  
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant, quite amazed at a figure so gay,  
Bowed low with respect, and was trudging away.

"Stop, friend," says the Butterfly; "don't  
be surprised;  
I once was the reptile you spurned and  
despised;

But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I  
play,  
While you must forever drudge on, in your  
way."



### There is no Disputing about Tastes.

**A**T the further extremity of South America is a large island, named by the early navigators *Terra del Fuego*, or the land of fire, probably because of the volcanic fires they saw blazing out from the tops of the mountains. It is a cold, desolate country, the earth being covered with snow the greater part of the year. It is inhabited by a short, lean, wild-looking race of savages, who seem almost to be caricatures of humanity. They live by fishing and hunting, go naked in summer, and robe themselves in rough skins in winter. Their habita-

tions are made of the branches of trees. — Nothing can seem more dreary than the lives led by these people. To us, who enjoy the privileges of cultivated society, of books, knowledge, taste, and refinement, the life of the Fuegians would seem a curse rather than a blessing. Our engraving represents them in winter, with their bare feet in the snow; and this is a true picture of their mode of life. It is now winter with us, and what would our readers say to such an outfit as that of the two characters in the foreground of the preceding sketch.

It is probable that these people do not really suffer from such exposure. A story is told of an Indian, who wore no pantaloons in winter, and some one said to him, "I should think your legs would freeze." "Does your face freeze?" said the Indian. "No," was the answer; "my face is used to being exposed." "Well," said the Indian, "I am all face!"

Habit, doubtless, enables the Fuegians to subsist amidst the privations which seem to us so severe; indeed, we have

reason to suppose that they really enjoy life pretty well. They have their sports, their laugh, joke, and frolic, as well as we. It is highly probable that the gentleman and lady, whose portraits we have given above, would prefer to stay where they are, rather than to occupy any house in Beacon Street, Boston, or Washington Square, New York. Nay, I have no doubt that they esteem their bear-skin attire as much more becoming than they would any of the dresses to be seen in Broadway or Beacon Street.



### Winter Sports.

Now that the boys of New England are sliding down the snow-clad hills upon their sleds, they must not suppose that boys every where are doing the same thing. In Cuba, the ladies are fanning themselves to mitigate the heat; in Central Africa, the people hide them-

selves from the burning rays of the sun, by reposing beneath the thick shadows of the mimosa; in France, the girls and boys may be seen in the village square, pushing their sports, almost the same as in summer.





### Pictures.

**W**HY do people love pictures? Why do even children love pictures? I have seen a group of urchins round a picture-dealer in Paris, gazing at his wonderful stores with as much admiration as could have been excited by a mountain of sugar candy; and I have asked myself a hundred times, Why do children love pictures? It may not be

very easy to answer this question, but one thing we can do; as we know they are fond of pictures, we are determined that our young readers shall be gratified. We intend that our pages shall be well illustrated; and while we shall try to have the engravings of a character to amuse, we shall seek also to render them instruments of instruction.

### Nicknames.

**O**LIVIA. Tell me what story you have been reading now, Charlotte.

*Charlotte.* I was reading, Olivia, in the Second Book of Kings, about the children that mocked the prophet Elisha, and how two she-bears came out of the wood and tore them to pieces.

*O.* That is a very remarkable story, indeed. What did you think when you read it?

*C.* I thought they were very wicked children; and God showed how angry he was with them by letting the bears kill them.

O. You remember what they said, don't you?

C. Yes, "Go up, thou bald-head! Go up, thou bald-head!"

O. Well! and what made it so wicked in them to say so? for it was perhaps true that the prophet was bald.

C. I suppose it was because they spoke it to deride and jeer him; did they not?

O. Yes, to be sure they did. They could not think what to say to express their scorn and contempt of this holy man, and so jeered him on account of a natural defect. And sure this should be a caution to all children (who are but too prone to this evil) never to express their contempt of others by mentioning any natural or accidental infirmity or defect.

C. I did not think of this use of the story before; but, as you say, it is indeed a very common thing, when we would show our anger against individuals, to call them crooked, hump-backed, bald-pated, one-eyed, or whatever other imperfection they may have; which this story shows to be very wrong.

O. It is, indeed; and as my papa told me, when I read it to him, I should consider that it is both foolish and wicked. It is very silly to reflect on any one for what he can't help; and it is very wicked, as it is indeed reflecting on God himself, who made us all, and for wise reasons permitted those defects in nature, or suffered those accidents to befall us by which they came.

And the dreadful lot of those children, methinks, should be enough to check us, whenever we find any inclination so much as to entertain a thought of this nature; much rather ought we to turn

our minds to thankfulness and praise to our gracious God, who has formed us so perfect, and preserved us from being maimed or deformed by such disasters.

## The Street Musician.

**A**N orphan! an orphan! he works on the crowd;

He sways them with harmony, merry and loud;

He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim.

Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him?

What an eager assembly! what an empire is this!

The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss;

The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest;

And the guilt-burdened soul is no longer oppressed.

That errand-bound 'prentice was passing in haste.

What matter! He's caught, and his time runs to waste.

The newsman is stopped, though he stops on the fret;

And the half-breathless lamplighter — he's in the net!

The porter sits down on the weight which he bore;

The lass, with her barrow, wheels hither her store; —

If a thief could be here, he might pilfer at ease;

She sees the musician; 'tis all that she sees.

That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,  
Not an inch of his body is free from delight.

Can he keep himself still, if he would? O,  
not he!

The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that cripple,—but little would tempt  
him to try  
To dance to the strain and to fling his crutch  
by!  
That mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,  
While she dandles the babe in her arms to  
the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a  
stream;  
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a  
dream;  
They are deaf to your murmurs, they care  
not for you,  
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue



*Sackville Street, Dublin.*

## Dublin.

**T**HIS is the second city in size in the British islands, and ranks among the great cities of Europe. It stands near the sea, of which it commands a fine view. It is surrounded by swell-

ing hills, occupied by beautiful country seats. At the south are seen the Wicklow hills, crowned by the peak called Sugar Loaf. The view of the city from the harbor is hardly less imposing than

the scene presented by the Bay of Naples.

The city of Dublin is a scene of remarkable contrasts. Nowhere are there objects which afford more striking displays of wealth and taste—nowhere are there spectacles of more disheartening and hopeless poverty. The public buildings and monuments, and many of the private houses and equipages, rival the first things of the kind to be seen in Paris and London; yet in the streets, and in the very presence of this magnificence, hundreds, nay, thousands, of human beings may be seen; some covered, some half covered, and some one fourth covered with pieces of rags, of every texture and every hue under the sun.

The Liffey, a small river, runs through Dublin. It is crossed by several bridges, and its banks are formed into wide quays. Many of the streets and squares of Dublin are truly magnificent. Sackville Street, of a part of which we give a sketch, is one of the finest in Europe. The stone monument, erected in honor of Nelson, is a most beautiful work of art.

The National Bank of Ireland, the Stamp Office, the Custom House, and many others, are sumptuous edifices. Many of the churches are fine. It would be difficult to find in any city of its size, in Europe, so many buildings, public and private, at once so costly and in so good taste, as in Dublin.

It is, however, a sad drawback to all this magnificence, that it is so environed with the marks of destitution. Not only do the streets swarm with beggars, but the suburbs are, in places, occupied with crowds of people, who live in dens, caves, and hovels, hardly fit for brutes.

## Half of the Profits.

A NOBLEMAN, resident at a chateau near Pisa, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a large turbot.

Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him. "One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, "on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whipcord on the bargain."

The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished; but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have; but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence."

After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold!" exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share."—"What! are there two such madcaps in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman. "Name him, and he shall be sent for instantly."

"You need not go very far for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I



promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot.”—“O!” said the nobleman, “bring him up, instantly; he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice.” This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

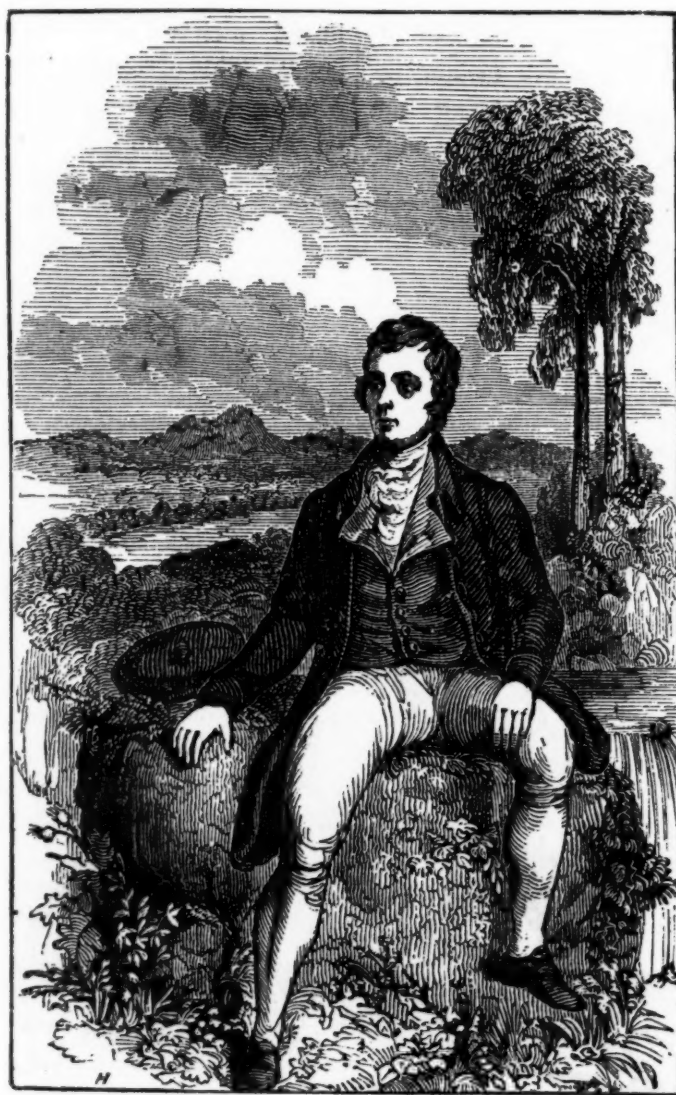


Soldier of Soudan.

**T**HAT large country in the interior of Africa, called *Soudan*, was for a long time a region of mystery; but about twenty years ago, it was visited by two English travellers, Denham and Clapperton. Their account of the people was interesting and curious. It appeared that the country was populous, and that the inhabitants were divided into several

small states, some of them having made considerable advances in improvement.

One of the chiefs here was found to have a most extraordinary body of cavalry—stout negroes; each man and horse being covered with a quilt, defended by a netting of iron mail. The engraving presents a picture of one of these soldiers.



### Robert Burns.

**T**HIS famous man was born in a hut, built of stone and clay, in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1759. His father was a poor farmer, and Robert was brought up to the same profession. He had an education in those branches commonly taught in country schools; but he had little time for study, for he was obliged to work to assist in supporting the family.

He early displayed a turn for writing verses, and before he was thirty years old he had excited the admiration of the first minds in Great Britain. He led a somewhat irregular life, and after suffering bitterly from the consequences of his indiscretion and folly, he died, at the age of thirty-seven years.

Burns had many noble and generous

qualities ; he was full of wit, and his conversation sparkled with bright thoughts. He wrote some bad things, but most of his productions are full of truth and beauty. On the whole, he did much to make mankind better and wiser. He has painted many virtues so finely, as to make the world love them the more ; and he made some vices appear so hateful, as to render them more likely to be shunned. The following is one of his pieces, and though it is only the story of a poor little mouse, yet it is calculated to produce a deep and lasting effect on the mind.

TO A MOUSE, ON TURNING UP HER NEST  
WITH A PLOUGH.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic 's in thy breastie !  
Thou needna' start awa sae hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle !  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee  
Wi' murdering pettle !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !  
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' !  
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
O' foggage green !  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',  
Baith snell an' keen.

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
An' weary winter comin' fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell,  
Till crash ! the cruel colter passed  
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble  
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !  
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,  
But house or hald,  
To thole the winter's sleety dribble  
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
In proving foresight may be vain ;  
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft a-gley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain  
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest compared wi' me !  
The present only toucheth thee :  
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e  
On prospects drear,  
An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear.

*Sleekit, sleek ; brattle, hurry ; wad, would ; laith, loath ; rin, run ; pettle, plough-staff ; wa's, walls ; win's, winds ; big, build ; baith, both ; snell, bitter ; cozie, snug ; mony, many ; but, without ; hald, abiding place ; thole, suffer ; dribble, drizzle ; cranreuch, hoar frost ; lane, alone ; aft, often ; a-gley, wrong.*

If any of our readers are too young to understand this Scotch dialect, let them ask some older friend to translate it.

## Instinct.

SOME time since, a pair of sparrows, which had built in the thatch roof of a house, were observed to continue their regular visits to the nest, long after the time when the young birds take flight. This unusual circumstance continued throughout the year, and, in the winter, the gentleman who had all along observed them, determined to investigate the cause. He therefore mounted a ladder, and found one of the young ones detained a prisoner by means of a string of worsted which formed a part of the nest, it having become accidentally twisted around the leg. Being thus incapacitated from procuring its own sustenance, it had been fed by the continued exertions of its parents.

## Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

[Continued from vol. xii. p. 170.]

### CHAPTER VI.

**I** BELIEVE it was the fourth day after my escape from prison, that I came in sight of the sea-shore. The prospect of the ocean revived me, and I half forgot the fatigue and hunger which had nearly overpowered me during the latter part of my wanderings. As I approached the shore, I saw several horses in a field, and attempted to catch one of them; but they were all so wild and shy that I found it impossible. The hills along the coast were very steep, and when the night came on it was exceedingly dark, with thick clouds. In this obscurity I missed the footpath, and stumbled upon a heap of straw, which I mistook for a sloping bank. I had no sooner set foot upon it, than I slipped, and rolled down the hill-side without the power of stopping, till I unexpectedly found myself directly in front of a couple of houses.

A large dog, alarmed by the noise, immediately rushed out and began a loud barking. Two men with lanterns next issued from one of the houses. I thought my flight was now stopped; but perceiving that the men only stood staring at me, I walked along at a moderate pace, and had the satisfaction to find that they did not offer to molest me. It was evident that, in the dark, they mistook me for one of their neighbors. A little farther on, I approached a village, where I heard the hours striking, and of course was pretty

certain that the place had a guard of soldiers. I therefore kept clear of it. Frequently I met people coming along the road with lanterns, which obliged me to be constantly popping behind the trees for concealment.

After proceeding about half a dozen miles along the shore in this manner, the sky grew clear, and a bright starlight enabled me to discern objects more distinctly. I saw a boat anchored close to the land, which appeared to be just the thing for my purpose. There was not a house in sight, and a more tempting chance could not have occurred. I determined to seize the boat and sail along shore till I could pick up a stock of provisions sufficient to last me for a voyage to the continent, which I judged might be accomplished in four or five days, with a fair wind.

Exulting at beholding the means of my escape, now close at hand, I cautiously approached the shore, looking anxiously to the right and left and behind me, to be certain that no one observed my movements. I waded into the sea till the water came up to my waist, when I found myself alongside of the boat. I reached over the gunwale, and was in the act of climbing on board, when I clutched by chance the long pigtail queue of a man who lay asleep in the boat. He gave a roar like a bull of Bashan, which caused me to plump into the water again, and scramble for the shore with might and main. I never



stopped to look behind me till I was safe on terra firma, when I scampered off to the first wood that met my sight.

A thousand times since this adventure have I laughed, till my sides ached, to think of the terrible fright which I caused the poor Japanese. I believe he did not attempt to rise, so great was his trepidation, when he found himself caught by the pigtail, but lay on his back bellowing for help. Nobody came to his assistance that I could perceive, and I doubt if he knows, to this day, whether the individual who disturbed him was not a shark or a grampus.

The neighborhood being perfectly quiet, I crept out of the woods and moved onward. As I passed near a village, the dogs rushed out upon me. I was afraid lest their barking should waken the inhabitants, who would immediately discover me; accordingly, I sat down behind a heap of sand. The dogs then stood still, and contented themselves with growling; but no sooner did I attempt to rise, than they flew at me, and recommenced barking furiously. I was obliged to sit thus for three quarters of an hour, when, at last, the dogs grew tired of watching me, and ran off. I started up, and passed through the village without further interruption.

I saw many boats along the shore, but none that seemed fit for my purpose; they were either too large, or drawn too far up on the beach, and my adventure with the first one made me cautious of approaching those which I saw moored at a little distance from the land. The approach of morning drove me once more among the hills, and when the sun rose I found myself on the side of a

pretty steep mountain, thinly overgrown with bushes. I beheld footpaths on every side, and villages along the shore as far as the eye could reach. There was a thick forest in the neighborhood, in which I might have concealed myself, but it lay at such a distance that it would have taken me a long time to reach it. I was therefore obliged to lie down among the bushes.

It was an unlucky circumstance for me that the hills in this part of the country were generally naked and barren. The trees were almost all cut down for the purpose of procuring firewood and coal. The Japanese consume great quantities of fuel, and, as they have no coal mines, all their dependence for their fires is upon the forests. They use no stoves, as we do in Russia, but keep wood or charcoal fires constantly burning upon their hearths. The winter being both severe and of long duration, an immense supply of fuel becomes necessary for the numerous population of Japan. The hills on the coast are more completely stripped of their wood than those in the interior, as the transportation by water is vastly easier than by land in this hilly country.

The villages in this neighborhood seemed to be not more than a mile or two distant from each other, and the inhabitants were all day going backward and forward carrying wood from the forest on pack-horses. Here I continued for some days. While the sun was above the horizon, I found it impossible to conceal myself close to the shore, and I was compelled, as soon as the dawn began to peep in the east, to make the best of my way across the hills into the forest, and, when night approached, again to direct

my weary steps toward the sea. When I arrived at the beach, I was usually so fatigued that I was scarcely able to drag one foot after the other.

After two or three days, spent in this manner, I discovered two fishermen in their boat rowing toward the shore, late in the afternoon. I watched their motions, and perceived that, after they had landed and carried their fish up on the beach, they hauled up their boat among the piles of sea-weed which were strewed along the edge of the water. I determined to conceal myself close by, and, as soon as it was dark, make myself master of this boat and push off. I was so much occupied with watching this place, that I did not take notice of several persons who were passing backward and forward on the paths among the hills. At length, accidentally casting my eyes around, I perceived on a rising ground, at no great distance, a woman, whose notice I had evidently attracted. She pointed toward the place where I was sitting, and then, turning round, beckoned with her hand, as if calling on some one to approach.

I saw at once that I was discovered; and without hesitating a moment, I darted off down a steep valley close at hand, the bottom of which was overgrown with tufts of shrubbery. Before I gained a covert, however, I heard a frightful cry in my rear, and, looking back, beheld eight or ten men on horseback, armed with muskets and bows, coming towards me at full gallop. I plunged into the first thicket I reached, and crept along for some distance out of sight, hoping my pursuers might have taken the opposite direction. But, on peeping out from

among the bushes, I saw numbers of soldiers and peasants on foot, searching for me, on both sides of the valley. My case now seemed to be desperate, but I kept myself as snugly concealed as possible.

At length, a number of the soldiers advanced into the centre of the hollow, some of them armed with sabres and others with pikes. The remainder of them ranged themselves in two files, one on each side of the hollow, and made ready their muskets and bows for action. I could not help smiling to see such a formidable array of military force drawn out against my mighty self; and I wished the Japanese commander-in-chief much joy of the laurels he might gather in his "Kastoff campaign." However, it was such an undertaking as the imperial troops have seldom been employed in, either before or since.

The soldiers who approached the thickets, thrust their pikes and sabres into every bush large enough to hide a puppy-dog. At length they came directly upon the one in which I lay concealed. Not wishing to be run through the body, I jumped at once out of the bush, and stood before them. The stout-hearted fellows no sooner saw me, than they started back in as great a fright as if Old Nick had laid his claw upon them. But finding that I was unarmed, and not disposed to offer any resistance, these heroes advanced boldly and seized me. I was speedily pinioned, with my hands behind my back, and marched off to a village in the neighborhood. Such was the end of my week's ramble among the mountains of Japan.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



### Straws show which Way the Wind blows.

**T**HOUGH the warlike Napoleon is gone, and the pacific Louis Philippe is on the throne, yet the martial turn of the French people is evinced by the sports of children. Among the amusements of the boys, *playing soldier* is every where the leading one, in France. This, of itself, is not, perhaps, very remarkable; for in other countries a similar disposition is manifested; but in France the boys seem to pursue it with more zest, and more tact, than elsewhere. I have often

been diverted in watching a troop of these little mock soldiers, to see the taste and tact which most of them display in their dress and accoutrements. A paper hat, a wooden sword, or toy drum—which, in the hands of another, would be a poor imitation—in the hands of a French lad seems to have a smartness and expression, which shows that the heart is smitten with the subject to which these things refer.

### A Rogue's Policy.

**T**HE first consideration with a knave is, how to help himself, and the second, how to do it with an appearance of helping you. Dionysius, the tyrant, stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympius

of a robe of massy gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying, "Gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer; it behoves us to take care of Jupiter."

## Story of Baptiste Lulli.

### CHAPTER I.

**T**HE scene of our little story opens on a fine afternoon in the month of May, 1647, and in one of the most beautiful parts of Italy. The sun had already declined to the horizon, and the heat of the day considerably abated, when a carriage, emblazoned with the arms of the noble family of Guise, escorted by a number of squires, pages, and grooms, drew up before the hotel of Santo Spirito, in Florence.

"Make way for my lord of Guise," cried the grooms, as with their whips they kept off the curious crowd, attracted by the elegance of the equipage and the fine countenance of the occupant.

"An apartment for my lord of Guise," said the valets, hurrying tumultuously into the hotel. "Supper, immediately, for my lord of Guise," cried the pages, as they hurried into the kitchen.

In the mean while, he who was the cause of all this bustle alighted with great dignity from the splendid vehicle, and was conducted by the squires into the hotel; the landlord and landlady obsequiously bending down before him, as he passed toward his apartment. Regardless of the excitement which his arrival had created, his deep blue eyes seemed fixed upon some other far-distant scene, whilst a scarcely-perceptible smile gave a milder expression to his half-disdainful features.

It was the hour of twilight. The sun, as it disappeared from the horizon, cast upon the earth a soft, yet brilliant coloring. The abating heat was now succeeded by a light breeze which rose from the sea,

and, passing over the flowery gardens, bore from them the sweetest perfumes, and invited to repose. The duke, who at first had sat down to write and look over some papers in the apartment prepared for him, attracted by the fineness of the scene, stepped out of doors and seated himself upon a stone bench under the vestibule, formed of two rows of pillars and clustering vines. Here he fell into a pleasing reverie. He returned in fancy to Rome, where he had been on an affair of deep personal concern. Lost in thought, he forgot where he was, and the soft and beautiful scenery before him was unnoticed, when the sounds of a violin, touched by a light and skilful hand, struck upon his ear.

Surprised and delighted with the sweetness and chasteness of the sounds, the prince looked about for the musician, and was not long in discovering him. Not far from him, extended upon the first marble seat of the vestibule, was a young boy, who, reclining in an easy and graceful attitude, seemed to sport with his instrument, at intervals bringing out tones which a master might have envied.

The attention of the prince soon attracted that of the little violin player, who, seeing himself the object of notice, sprang to his feet, and as if becoming instinct with new life, under the approving glance of the stranger, he began to play in a marvellous manner.

"What are you playing, my little fellow?" demanded the duke of Guise, making a sign to him to approach. "Whatever comes into my head, your highness," answered the boy.

"You have a knowledge of music, then?"



"A little." "Who taught you?" "No one; I am fond of music, and my violin is my companion."

"What is your name, my little man?" "Baptiste Lulli." "And your parents?" "Alas! your excellency, they are dead. I am an orphan, and support myself by my violin. I play at the doors of the houses, to amuse the domestics. When they are pleased, they give me some dinner — their leavings to be sure — but still it is very good. This is the first day that I ever played at the door of an inn; though, indeed, I did not play, I only strummed; but when I saw your excellency looking at me, that awoke me."

"You have played very prettily, without any flattery," said the prince, touched alike by the artless answers of the child as well as by his sweet and infantine countenance. "How old are you?" "Thirteen years, I believe."

"It is a pity that this child is not at Paris; he would make his fortune there," observed the prince, thinking aloud.

"If I thought so, I would go there," said the child, who had heard these words.

"It is too far," replied the prince; and at the same instant supper was announced. He rose, took out of his pocket a louis d'or, and, as he passed into the house, threw it, with an encouraging nod, to the little violin player.

After the departure of the prince, the young musician remained a moment quite bewildered. The words, "It is a great pity that this child is not at Paris; he would make his fortune," rang in his ears, stimulating his curiosity and awakening his ambition. "I should make my fortune there," said he thoughtfully. "Fortune!

that surely means to play the violin and be very happy." So saying, the little Florentine stooped for the money given him by the prince. It was a piece of gold, stamped with the effigy of Louis XIV. The little boy stood motionless, with the louis d'or in his hand; he could not conceive the prince had intended to give him so much money. "Surely," said he, "his excellency has made a mistake, and I ought not to take advantage of his oversight." Then, without a moment's hesitation, he rushed into the hotel.

Very much undecided as to the best mode of presenting himself before the young nobleman, the little musician, after carefully laying aside his violin, pursued his course across the offices, kitchens, and long corridors of the hotel of Santo Spirito.

The first person he met was a waiter, who no sooner perceived the little Florentine, than, taking him to be a boy belonging to the inn, he put the dish he was carrying into his hand, and throwing the napkin over his arm, said, "Go, take that to the dining-room, while I go back for something I have forgotten."

As if it had been his business for his whole life, the little Florentine, summoning all his resolution, boldly entered the dining-room, gave his dish to the maître d'hotel, and looked about for his excellency of the louis d'or. He easily recognized him among the different persons present; but no opportunity occurred for some time to make himself known. At length supper was over, and the moment of departure had nearly arrived. The poor little musician, quite bewildered, applied to an attendant to let him speak to the duke.

"Your pardon," said he; "could you

favor me by giving me speech of your master before he gets into his carriage?"

"A pretty fellow you are, to speak to my lord the duke of Guise," answered the lackey, making a motion as if he were about to give him a kick.

"Strike me, if it so please you," replied the little fellow, proudly raising his head; "only let me speak to your master. Nay, strike then; I will not return your blow, I assure you."

"I should like to see you attempt it," said the valet, moving away; but seeing the face of despair of the supplicant, he was moved by a momentary feeling of compassion and curiosity, and inquired what it was he wanted with the duke.

"I will tell you," said the boy, losing none of his self-possession. "I played the violin before the duke. He was very much pleased with me; but that does not astonish me, for I have pleased many others besides him, and perhaps as good judges of music. As a token of his satisfaction, he took out of his pocket at random some money and threw it to me. This was all very well; but when I picked up the money, I found it was a piece of gold."

"Well, where is the harm in that?" demanded the lackey.

"There is no harm in the piece of gold, sir," replied the little Florentine; "but there would be harm were I to keep it; and the reason I want you to let me speak to your master, is, because I wish to return it to him."

"Is the fellow a fool?" said the lackey, shrugging up his shoulders. "Since my lord gave you the louis d'or, it was intended for you, and you had better keep it."

You do not understand, sir, that the duke may have given it in mistake; he would not have given a louis d'or for a little air on the violin; and if it is your goodness makes you say ——"

"You are an Italian booby!" said the lackey, turning his back and walking off.

"Booby! booby!" repeated the little Florentine angrily. "If my lord gave me it saying, 'Look, Baptiste, here is a piece of gold; I give it to you,' certainly then I should be stupid not to keep it; but he did not know he was giving it. These great lords are so indolent, so negligent, and take so little care of their money, that one might steal it if one wished; but I do not wish it. My father said to me, when dying, 'Be an honest man, Baptiste, and God will help you, and you will be happy!' And I *will* be an honest man! Yes, I *will*, in spite of that wicked valet, who was like an evil angel to me. My good angel whispers better things; I feel him in my heart," added Baptiste, "and to him alone will I listen. I should be sorry that, when the duke arrived in Paris, and was counting his money, he should say, 'I miss a louis d'or,' and, recollecting what he has now given me, add, 'and I must have given it to that little rascal who was playing the violin at Florence. Had he been an honest boy, he would have instantly returned it.' O dear, dear, what shall I do to get this unfortunate piece of gold back to its proper owner?" And the brave-minded child gasped convulsively with his emotions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE coin that is most current among mankind is flattery.



### The Buccaneer.

**T**HE people who acquired the fearful name of *buccaneers* were a set of pirates who infested the seas in the vicinity of the West Indies, near two centuries ago. They were at first cattle-hunters in the Island of St. Domingo, and were regarded as desperate outlaws. At last they took to the sea, and captured

such vessels as they could encounter. Their number was increased by recruits from all countries, consisting of daring and desperate men.

In those days, the ships that went from Europe to America were laden with rich merchandise, and those that returned from America to Europe had great sums

of gold and silver. Sometimes a single ship would have on board one or two millions of dollars. At the same time, there were few government vessels that could afford protection to their trading ships.

The opportunity for plunder, presented to the buccaneers, was therefore great, and they improved it to the full. Their leaders were generally men of great skill and bravery, and some of their exploits were truly wonderful. They took possession of the Island of Tortuga, and at first cruised about in open boats. They afterwards had superior vessels. They captured large ships, and even went so far as to take numerous forts and towns upon the coast of South America. At one time, one of their leaders had eight ships and six hundred and sixty men. Another leader had one thousand one hundred men, and obtained, in the capture of Carthagena, a booty of eleven millions of dollars.

This was carrying on robbery upon a grand scale. But it was of short duration. The buccaneers quarrelled among themselves, and began to plunder each other. They disappeared about the beginning of the 18th century, as suddenly as they had arisen.

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Dr. Dick says, that, since the creation of the world, about fourteen thousand millions of human beings have been slain in the various wars which man has waged against his fellow man!

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Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the injury of another.

## The Shadow on the Sundial.

UPON yon dial-stone,  
Behold the shade of time  
Forever circling on and on,  
In silence more sublime  
Than if the thunders of the spheres  
Pealed forth its march to mortal ears.

Day is the time for toil ;  
Night balms the weary breast ;  
Stars have their vigils ; seas awhile  
Will sink to peaceful rest ; —  
But round and round the shadow creeps  
Of that which slumbers not nor sleeps.

In beauty fading fast  
Its silent trace appears,  
And where, a phantom of the past  
Dim in the mist of years,  
Gleams Tadmor o'er oblivion's waves,  
Like wrecks above their ocean graves.

Before the ceaseless shade,  
That round the world doth sail,  
Its towers and temples bow the head —  
The pyramids look pale ;  
The festal halls grow hushed and cold ;  
The everlasting hills wax old !

Coeval with the sun  
Its silent course began,  
And still its phantom-race shall run,  
Till worlds with age grow wan ;  
Till Darkness spread her funeral pall ;  
And one vast shadow circle all.

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## Mahogany.

THE mahogany is, perhaps, the most majestic of timber-trees ; for though some rise to a greater height, this tree, like the oak and the cedar, impresses the spectator with the strongest feelings of its firmness and duration. In



the rich valleys among the mountains of Cuba, and those that open upon the Bay of Honduras, the mahogany expands to so giant a trunk, divides into so many massy arms, and throws the shade of its shining green leaves, spotted with tufts of pearly flowers, over so vast an extent of surface, that it is difficult to imagine a vegetable production combining in such a degree the qualities of elegance and strength. The precise period of its growth is not actually known; but as, when large, it changes but little during the life of a man, the time of its arriving at maturity is probably not less than two hundred years. Some idea of its size, and also of its commercial value, may be formed from the fact, that a single log imported at Liverpool weighed nearly seven tons, and was worth nearly five thousand dollars.

As is the case with much other timber, the finest mahogany-trees are not in the most accessible situations. They grow for the most part in the rich inland valleys, whence transportation is so difficult as to defy all the means of removal possessed by the natives. Masses of from six to eight tons are not very easily moved in any country; and in a mountainous and rocky one, where little attention is paid to mechanical power, to move them is impossible. In Cuba, the inhabitants have neither enterprise nor skill adequate to felling the mahogany-trees, and transporting them to the shore, and thus the finest timber remains unused.

The discovery of this beautiful timber was accidental, and its introduction into notice was slow. The first mention of it is, that it was used in the repair of some of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships at Trinidad, in 1597. Its finely-variegated tints were

admired; but in that age the dream of El Dorado caused matters of more value to be neglected.

### The Orphan Boy.

STAY, lady! stay, for mercy's sake,  
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;  
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake—  
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.  
Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
And my brave father's hope and joy;  
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,  
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I,  
When news of Nelson's victory came,  
Along the crowded streets to fly,  
And see the lighted windows flame!  
To force me home my mother sought;  
She could not bear to see my joy,  
For with my father's life 'twas bought,  
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud—  
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;  
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd—  
My mother answered with her tears.  
"O, why do tears steal down your cheek,"  
Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"  
She kissed me, and, in accents weak,  
She called me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I said,  
When suddenly she gasped for breath,  
And her eyes closed;—I shrieked for aid,—  
But, ah! her eyes were closed in death!  
My hardships since I will not tell;  
But now, no more a parent's joy,—  
Ah, lady! I have learned too well  
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

O, were I by your bounty fed!  
Nay, gentle lady! do not chide;  
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,—  
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.  
Lady, you weep;—what is't you say?  
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?  
Look down, dear parents! look and see  
Your happy, happy orphan boy.



### An Indian Queen.

**T**HE country called Florida by the Spaniards, was more extensive than the state which now bears that name. It reached along the coast nearly to the Mississippi, and of course included the present states of Georgia and Alabama.

The celebrated Spanish leader De

Soto, and his band, in wandering like a troop of knights errant in this region, came across an Indian princess, by the name of Cofachigin. She reigned over a populous nation, and appears to have been acquainted with the rules of politeness and good breeding. She wore a necklace of pearls as big as hazel-nuts

and it was so long as to be wound three times around her neck, and then to hang down to her waist. Pearls were so abundant here, that the Spaniards obtained fourteen bushels of them in the country. They also met with a temple three hundred feet long, and two hundred and twenty wide. The entrance was guarded by twelve colossal figures.

These and other wonders were seen by the Spaniards in the country of Queen Cofachigin. The princess treated the strangers with the greatest kindness, supplied them with provisions, and made them rich presents. In return for this hospitality, the perfidious Spaniards seized the queen and carried her off. But she contrived to escape, and took good care to keep out of their way.

## Wonders of the Honey-Bee.

### CHAPTER VI

[Continued from vol. xii. p. 169.]

FOR several ensuing evenings, the family circle at Mr. Ross's was too pleasantly engaged to continue the conversations about the bee. The vacation in college had occurred, and Charles had arrived home. This was always a delightful event, and gave birth to many interesting scenes in this pleasant and harmonious family.

Charles had many college stories to relate to his brothers and sisters; and they, in turn, filled up not a few hours in recounting family incidents and village wonders. Visits were received and paid. At length, however, an even-

ing arrived which proving unpleasant abroad, it was proposed that it should be passed in continuing the conversations about the bee.

"How should you like that, Charles?" said Catharine. "Very much," replied Charles.

"We spend many delightful evenings," said Catharine, "in listening to father; who, you know, takes great pleasure in the improvement of his children."

"That indeed he does," said Charles. "Go and propose to him that we spend the evening in this manner."

The plan met the approbation of Mr. Ross, as a matter almost of course, and soon the family circle were assembled.

Mr. Ross began by observing that, having told the children something about the queen bee and the working bees, the next subject would be that of the *drones*.

"Drones," said farmer Edward; "I suppose, brother Charles, you scarcely know what is meant by a drone."

"Not exactly, perhaps," said Charles; "but I think I have heard it said that drones never go far from home."

"I suppose," said Edward, "that you think that the *real workies* always go to college."

"We have to work at college," said Charles.

"No drones there, then, are there? Well, I tell you," said Edward, "what I have heard."

"What?"

"Why, that they always send those who are *dull* to college, to make them equal to those who stay at home."

"That is quite a hit upon me," said Charles; "and —"

"Besides," said Edward, "some must

stay at home, and make honey to support those who go abroad."

"Better and better," said Charles. "I am quite glad that you have got a good stock on hand for a college drone, as you would make me out to be; and, since I am one, I shall try to lessen your stock somewhat before I go back."

"Pray," said Catharine, "let us have a truce for a while, and give father a chance to increase somewhat our stock of knowledge about real drones."

"The boys work well, certainly," said Mr. Ross; "and, so long as their repartees are combined with a good portion of honey, I am quite willing to remain a drone; but, since it is your wish that we should change characters, I will proceed."

"To an average swarm of bees there belong about *five hundred drones*. These are the male part of the community, and the fathers of the family."

"But don't they gather honey?" said James.

"None," said Mr. Ross; "their proboscis is not fitted to collect honey, nor do they, as Charles has remarked, ever go far from home. Indeed, they seldom appear abroad, and only when the sun shines bright and warm. They are seldom seen excepting in the middle of the day. Occasionally, they exercise their wings, and sport at short distances from the hive; but they always fly with apparently much effort, and make a much louder humming while on the wing than other bees."

"I think," said James, "if I were a bee, I should like to be a drone."

"Why, James?" said Catharine.

"Well, some must be drones," said James, "and why might I not wish to be?"

I shouldn't then have to work so hard for a living."

"If you were a drone," said Mr. Ross, "you would expect to fare as drones do."

"Yes, sir," replied James, "for then I would eat as much honey as I wanted."

"For a short space," said Mr. Ross; "you would not live long."

"I'd take good care," said James, "not to eat enough to kill me."

"But the bees would kill you, my son. Every year, in the month of August or September, the working bees kill all the drones belonging to the hive. *Not one is spared.*"

"Why do they kill them, father?" asked Edward.

"They are of no use," replied Mr. Ross, "but, during the approaching winter, would only consume the provisions required for the working stock."

"Now, brother James, don't you wish you was a drone?" said Catharine.

"I think I should like to change my mind," said James.

"Ah," said Mr. Ross, "what delusions do we often practise upon ourselves. We should remember, that

'Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.'

"Father," said Catharine, "did you ever see this massacre going on?"

"Often, my child; and the murder, if the destruction may so be called, is begun and accomplished apparently without any pity."

"But how do they know at what season of the year they may destroy, without injury to the hive?"

"And by what means do they attain to a knowledge in respect to other impor-



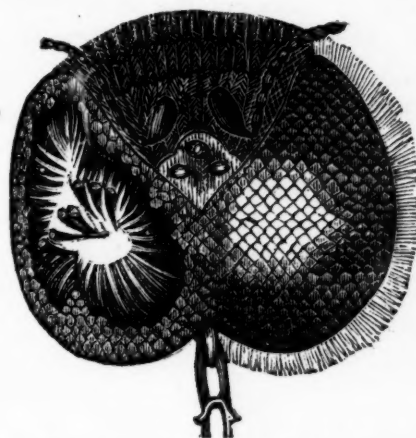
tant particulars? The only answer to this and similar questions is, that they are taught from above. They are endowed with instinct, which guides them unerringly in respect to all the important purposes of their being."

"You have not told us, I think," said Charles, "in what manner the death of the drones is effected."

"Always, I believe, by means of the sting. Often a single bee, as if attacked by a sudden frenzy, darts upon a drone, — may be as he is entering or receding from the hive, — and, fastening his little fangs upon him, curves himself in such a manner as to bring his sting to some tender point, and gives the fatal stab. At other times, the attack is made without the hive, and several bees may be seen dragging forth their victim, either already slain, or destined to fall a sudden prey. On some occasions, a short resistance is made by the captive drone; but generally they appear to feel as if their appointed time had come, and have at least the merit of dying with fortitude.

"I will next, in a very few observations," said Mr. Ross, "give you an account of some of the *senses* of bees. I have already told you that they perform their operations within the hive, where darkness prevails, by means of their antennæ or feelers. This they do with perfect ease. But when abroad, they are evidently guided by their sense of sight. With reference to vision, nature has provided them with a wonderful contrivance. The eye of the bee is sufficient to demonstrate the being of a God. Here is the picture of a bee's eye, greatly magnified. It consists of almost an innumerable number of eyes, as you perceive, each of

which has six sides to it, just as many sides as their comb-cells have."



"That is truly wonderful," said Charles; "may be, that is the reason why their comb-cells have that number of sides."

"That, indeed, has been conjectured by some," said Mr. Ross; "but then the principle, applied to man, does not hold good. The pupils of our eyes are round; and hence we should build only round houses. Besides," added Mr. Ross, "bees, as I before remarked to you, must carry on their operations altogether in the dark. The object in view, in the number and figure of these divisions, I am unable to explain.

"But there is another provision, in respect to the sight of bees, equally remarkable. Each bee, on the upper part of the head, and between the antennæ and the two large eyes, has three other eyes, which are quite small. You observe them in the picture.

"The inference from this is, my chil-



dren, that these small eyes are for the purpose of enabling the bee to see upwards; by means of the large eyes, the sight of the bee extends forward and downward."

"Father," said Catharine, "what wonders the insect world contains!"

"We know but little on this subject," said Mr. Ross. "The field of nature is a wide one; it contains a thousand provisions, which, if we understood, would exalt our conceptions of the great Jehovah, who has displayed such marvellous skill, such exquisite workmanship, such admirable contrivances, in respect to the minutest beings which he has formed. The day will come, I trust, though it may not be until long after we are dead, — the golden age of the world, — when these interesting secrets of nature will be unlocked, and when millions of the human family will read them and understand them, and take occasion from them to give to God all the glory due to his name.

"I shall only add, in respect to the sight of bees," said Mr. Ross, "that they appear to discern objects at a distance better than those near at hand. On its departure from the hive, a bee commonly makes several circular movements, or evolutions, and then, rising aloft into the air, flies straight to the flowery field; and, having made its collection, it again rises aloft, as if to reconnoitre its hive, returns in a perfectly straight line, with great velocity, and recognizes its own hive, amidst numerous others resembling it. But sometimes, on its return to the hive, it appears as though its sight is obscured as to near objects, for it alights on the board, and blunders and searches, as if at a loss to find the entrance.

"It is a point not yet settled, whether bees enjoy the sense of *hearing*; their sense of taste is such as to lead them, in general, to collect honey only from those flowers which are not poisonous; yet instances are on record in which poisonous honey has been made by bees, and other instances in which bees themselves have died by reason of gathering honey from poisonous flowers. Their sense of smell is exquisite. It is upon the perfection of this sense, that the bee-hunter is enabled to attract bees to himself from great distances, and hence to direct his course, with almost unerring certainty, to their abode. But on this subject I shall find occasion to enlarge, when I explain to you more particularly several modes of bee-hunting.

"We might now with propriety," said Mr. Ross, "proceed to inquire as to the comb and its cells, which are constructed for the accommodation and convenience of the bees. But there are one or two topics, which it is important to dwell upon for a few moments, in order to a better understanding of some of the phenomena of the comb-cells.

"The first of these topics is the *wax*, from which the combs are formed. *Whence do the bees procure this, and of what is it made?*

"These are questions which long perplexed the inquiries of the learned, and eluded their research. At length, however, a blind man made the important discovery."

"A blind man!" exclaimed Charles; "he must have dreamed the discovery, I should think."

"Who was he, father?" inquired Catharine.

"His name was *Huber*. He resided chiefly, I believe, at Geneva, in Switzerland. At the early age of seventeen, he became entirely blind. He had the good fortune, however, some years afterwards, to be married to a most amiable and intelligent lady, by means of whose contrivances he was able to carry forward his ingenious experiments, and to complete the most accurate and satisfactory account of the habits of bees, which has ever been produced."

"The real pilot at the helm, then, during this voyage of discovery," said Mrs. Ross, "was *Madam Hubert* herself."

"Mother is always looking after the credit of the ladies," said Edward.

"I hope she is," said Catharine; "pray give them credit for what they do achieve. Had they had the advantages which the men have enjoyed, the world might have been far wiser than it is."

"This is a controversy which must be settled some other time," said Mr. Ross. "Whichever was sailing-master, in the instance before us, certain it is that the discovery was exceedingly interesting and important. Huber found—or, perhaps, *Madam Huber*—that the working bees, which had before been considered to be all alike, are divided into two important classes—*nurse-bees* and *wax-makers*."

"The nurse-bees are somewhat smaller than the wax-workers. Their business is, to collect honey, and impart to their companions; to feed and take care of the young grubs, and to complete the combs and cells, which have been founded by the others; but they are not charged with provisioning the hive."

"Before the time of Huber, it was

supposed that the wax was made from the yellow pellets, or pollen, which the bees are seen to convey to the hives on their legs. It had, indeed, been suggested that, possibly, wax was produced from honey. In order to ascertain the fact, Huber confined a swarm of bees in a straw hive to an apartment, giving them nothing but honey and water. In five days the honey was consumed, and five combs of beautiful wax were formed. These combs were now removed, more honey and water bestowed, and the imprisonment of the bees continued. The result was the same; five other combs were formed. It was hence certain that wax is in some way made with the aid of honey alone.

"Since Huber's time, other experiments have confirmed his conclusions. I will relate but one, made by a Mr. Wistar, of Germantown, in New Jersey.

"'I had,' says he, 'a late swarm last summer, which, in consequence of the drought, filled only one box with honey. As it was late in the season, and the food collected would not enable the bees to subsist through the winter, I shut up the hive, and gave them half a pint of honey every day. They immediately set to work, filled the empty cells, and then constructed new cells enough to fill another box, in which they deposited the remainder of the honey.'

"It being thus settled that bees make wax when confined to honey alone, the next question which occurs is, *In what manner is it made?* This is the work of the *wax-makers*; and the wax originally consists of thin scales, which are formed in little wax pockets, beneath the rings which surround the body. It is at first a

fluid, which issues from these wax pockets, and on cooling, or drying, falls in scales or plates at the bottom of the hive.

"I have frequently seen an abundance of these scales on the bottom of a hive, in which a new swarm had been recently placed.

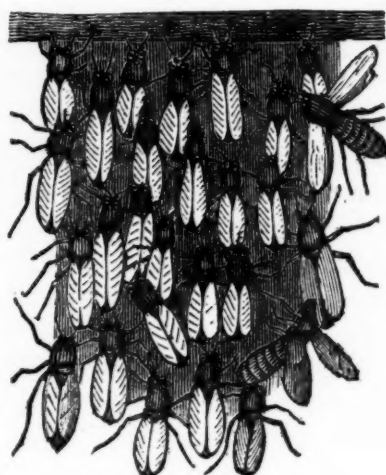
"It is probable that these scales undergo some change after they are secreted, and before they are employed upon the combs; but in what that change consists, or by what means it is accomplished, has not been ascertained.

"In after experiments, Huber made further discoveries in respect to these wax-workers. He found that they formed a kind of curtain, by holding on one to another, as is here represented.



"When this curtain is completed, it presents the appearance of the picture next in order.

"In this manner the wax-workers hang and continue to secrete wax, which is used by others in the formation of cells, about which I shall tell you, should we



find ourselves at leisure to-morrow evening.

"Yet we should not conclude our conversation on these interesting topics, without deriving some useful instruction from them. Surely, nothing is better calculated to exalt our conceptions of the Father of the universe. His works fill immensity, and, in their amplitude and grandeur, exceed our utmost comprehension. How insignificant do we appear, when we contemplate the lofty mountains—the Alps, or the Andes, for example—those enduring monuments of God's power; or the broad, rolling ocean, especially when its billows are lashed by the storm! But how much more insignificant when we cast our eye upon the innumerable worlds which move in solemn grandeur about us! Ah, who would not fear that Power, which only spake, and it was done; who commandeth, and it stands fast forever!

"And yet, awe-struck by the power of God, as we may justly be, what grounds of confidence are furnished us, not only in the volume of revelation, but in the field of nature. Our heavenly Father



has told us in his word, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge, and that even the hairs of our head are numbered. What a delightful confirmation of this cheering declaration is furnished us, in the view which we have taken of the several divine provisions, made for the preservation and comfort of the bees! No point has been neglected, however minute, which might be considered as having any importance, and nothing withheld which is in the smallest degree needful. Would God thus liberally provide for his inferior creatures, and neglect in any respect those for whose

use the material world, and its apparatus, were formed?

“Let us, my children, learn to confide in God. In the darkest hour which may fall to our lot, let us never forget that his watchful providence is over us, and round about us. He can guide us safely through every storm; enable us to rise above every wave of sorrow which may sweep across us; and he will do this, if we please him. Or, if he sees best at any time that we should be overwhelmed, he will pass through the water with us, and make us partakers of his glory.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



An Equipage three thousand Years ago.

AMONG the ancient paintings in Egypt is a picture of a lady of rank riding in her carriage. It is drawn by cows or oxen. What would the exclusives of our day think of such an establishment?

QUILLS are things that sometimes are taken from the *pinions* of one *goose* to spread the *o-pinions* of another.

## Letter from Riceboro', Georgia.

Riceboro', Ga., 1846.

MR. MERRY :

IT has been a long time since you have heard from me, but I hope that you will not think I have either forgotten you or your Museum. I have, for the last two years, been a most interested reader of it; and I think that this little Monthly Magazine is the means of conveying and spreading a great deal of useful information and knowledge through this our own beloved and highly-favored land. You recollect that I promised to give you a description of *cotton*, and I will now try to fulfil my promise.

Cotton, which is derived from the Arabic word *koton*, is a spontaneous production of all the intertropic countries. Spain was the first nation in Europe that cultivated the cotton plant, and made clothing from its produce. The *green seed*, or *short staple*, is derived from the *herbaceum*, or *herbaceous cotton*; and the *long staple*, or *black seed*, is derived from the *arboreum*, or *tree cotton*. The *green seed* was cultivated in *Virginia*, in small quantities, at least a hundred and thirty years before the revolution. Between 1786 and 1795, *cotton* was introduced into the *Southern States*, from various parts of the world. *Sea Island* or *black seed* cotton began to be cultivated in *Georgia* in 1786. The first bag exported from this state was raised by Mr. Alexander Bissel, of *St. Simon's Island*.

The *Sea Island* cotton, of which I am now writing, is generally planted from the 20th of March to the 10th of April. The sooner it is planted the better. It is planted either in drills or in holes made

in beds, which are formed by the hoe. These beds are five feet apart, and run the whole length of the field, except that they are cut, at every 105 feet, by the task-paths. When it is from four to eight inches high, it is thinned to one or two stalks to the hill. The hills are from one foot to four feet apart, according to the strength of the land. It begins to blossom at the height of two feet. The blossom is some two inches in diameter, and, when it first opens, its color is a bright yellow, with a red or purple centre. In two days, this yellow blossom becomes a pinkish red, declines, and then drops off. As soon as the blossom falls the pod appears, as large as a buckshot.

This continues to grow until it is an inch in diameter. The middle of July, or first of August, the pods begin to burst, and the snow-white cotton appears, which is then picked, carried to the cotton house, and sunned on board scaffolds for some hours, and then packed away until the picking season is over, which runs through November, and even into December, according to the mildness or severity of the season. When taken out of the bulk, to be prepared for market, it passes through a machine called the *whipper*, which frees it in good part from sand and dirt.

It is then gone over by the hand, *culled*, that is, all the dried leaves and defective and stained cotton are separated, and the cotton, thus cleaned, goes to the gin. It is ginned with the roller foot gin, the old *Whitney gin*, or with the roller-horse gin, which is superseding the foot gin. When it comes from the gin, it is whipped again, and then is *moted* by the hand; that is, all the remaining specks and defective cotton

is taken out. It finally passes to the *packer*, who, with a heavy iron or wooden pestle, puts from 300 to 400 pounds in a bag made of cotton bagging, from two to two and a half yards long, after being packed.

The process of packing Sea Island cotton is as follows: The bag is suspended through a hole from the upper story of the house. A man then gets into the bag, and, with an iron bar, — the iron axle of an old gig is very good, — packs it very tight. The bag, which is called a *bale*, is then marked with the name of the owner, or the name of his place, and then sent to market, where the *Sea Island cotton* brings from 15 to 50 cents per pound, according to the demand for it, and the *green seed* from 6 to 12.

This, Mr. Merry, is a very brief sketch of such a valuable plant as cotton; yet I hope that it will give your readers some idea of the manner in which this plant is cultivated and prepared for market. That you may have a better idea of the plant, I have sent you a rough painting of the *flower*, and of the *cup of the flower*, and of the *pod*, and an outline of the *leaf about full grown*. The great enemy of the *cotton plant* is the *cotton caterpillar*. I am sorry to say it has made its appearance this season, and, having come so early, it may *sweep away* the *crop* of the whole *seaboard*. — You must allow me to correct you a little in your *geography*. You recollect I said that I lived where the cool and refreshing sea-breezes blow. Now, you dated my letter from Augusta; I think that it would take a pretty hard puff of old Neptune to reach that place, as it is 134 miles from the sea. But this is of no consequence. I may

send you accounts of some other matters and things in our country.

Your young Friend,  
CAROLUS.

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### Minute Wonders.

EVERY grain of sand appears round when examined with the naked eye; but, by the aid of a microscope, we can discover that each differs from the others in figure and size. One is perfectly spherical, another square, a third conical; but the greatest number are of an irregular figure.

A species of diminutive animals, called *mites*, is found in cheese. To the naked eye they appear like specks; but the microscope proves that they are insects of a very singular figure. They have not only eyes, mouth, and legs, but also transparent bodies, provided with long, hair-like bristles. In the vegetable kingdom, the mould which generally collects on damp bodies exhibits the resemblance of a thick forest of trees and plants.

The branches, leaves, blossom, and fruit, may be clearly distinguished. The flowers have long, white, transparent stems; before they open they appear like small, green buds, which become white when they are blown. As little as we should have expected to discover this in mould, so little should we have imagined that the dust which covers the wings of the butterfly is a collection of small feathers, had not the microscope convinced us that this is the case. But, reader, you have no occasion to extend your researches to remote objects. Go no farther than yourself. Observe the surface of your skin through a micro-

scope ; it resembles the scaly armor of a fish. It has been calculated that one single grain of sand can cover two hundred and fifty of these scales ; that one scale covers five hundred pores ; and that, consequently, a space equivalent to a grain of sand contains one hundred and twenty-five thousand pores.

Thus you see how great your Creator is, even in those things which prejudice has taught us to consider as trifles, and how innumerable are the creatures which he has distributed over the earth. We are already acquainted with more than thirty thousand different plants, and several thousand species of insects ; but all these are nothing in comparison of the whole. Were the bottom of the sea and the beds of rivers uncovered to our view, how would our astonishment at the immense number of the creatures of God be increased ! And this could not fail to appear to us the most wonderful of all, that God should have employed as much wisdom in the production of the smallest, as he has manifested in the greatest, of his works. The Creator extends the same beneficent care to the worm as to the elephant—to the insect as to the eagle.

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### Canine Friendship.

**M**R. BLAINE, in his "Canine Pathology," relates, that a gentleman brought from Newfoundland a dog of the true breed, which he gave to his

brother, who resided in the neighborhood of Thames Street, but who, having no other means of keeping the animal, except in close confinement, preferred sending him to a friend living in Scotland.

The dog, who had been originally disembarked at Thames Street, was again reëmbarked at the same place, on board a Berwick smack. During his stay in London, he had never travelled half a mile from the spot where he was landed. He had, however, contracted an affection for his master, and, when he arrived in Scotland, his regret at the separation induced him to take the first opportunity of escaping ; and though he had certainly never before travelled one yard of the road, yet he found his way back in a very short time to his former residence in London, but in so exhausted a state, that he had only strength to express his joy at seeing his master, and expired within an hour after his arrival.

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### Reason and Feeling.


**T**HE feelings are like the stars, which guide us only while the heavens are clear ; but reason is a magnetic needle, which ever guideth the ship, though the stars be hidden and their light no longer shineth.

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LET your discourse with others on matters of business be short.

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### NOTE TO READERS.

 Owing to circumstances beyond our control, the music is left out this month, and one or two articles intended for this number are deferred.